

Unexpected Events

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Summary: Sometimes the moments you don't see coming are the most enjoyable. FishlegsxRuffnut Fisrt story wish me luck

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It was another loud evening in the main hall. Fishlegs knew he shouldn't have come here to try and read but had desired a change of scenery. It seemed he had gotten a bit more than he had wished for. He knew if he didn't calm down he would end up in a berserker fueled brawl and did not want to explain any more broken fingers to his mother, as he tried to refocus on his newly acquired book on the southern sea animal life, the table he had been sitting at was suddenly shoved a few feet with a loud crashing noise. Fishlegs looked over just in time to be crushed by a flailing body. Knocked back off of the bench he fell with his breath being smashed out of him by a man he believed was called Lorf. Suddenly he heard a shouted challenge "If you ever try to steal my mug again I'll sow your mouth shut.". Ah so that's who was on the other side of the brawl. As Fishlegs pushed the formally conscious Viking off of his person he looked up at Ruffnut.

She stood with her signature scowl with the left cheek a little higher than the right and eyes sharper than a spearhead. Her blond hair as always was up in her standard four-point braid. Although her hips and breasts had swelled a bit since dragon training she still had a trim athlete's body born from spending days working and brawling with men at least twice her size, not including the almost constant wrestling she seemed to be engaged with her brother. Her blue eyes stared accusingly at Lorf till she noticed that someone else was stuck under his body. She saw Fishlegs stand up to his full height almost a full head taller than her. As he rubbed his blond head she noticed his blond beard had finally reached past his neck. While his beard had grown longer it seemed that he had kept his hair

at the same length. As he stretches his massive shoulder, she realized that all of his work as the apprentice shipbuilder had been doing him some good. Still being about the same size she could see that most of his bulk had hardened to a muscly wall.

She smiled down at him. "How you doing legs?" Fishlegs stared accusingly at Ruffnut "well I was having fun reading a book till someone had to have their fight spill over into my space". Ruffnut couldn't help but smile at his accusation "well maybe you shouldn't try to read in a place that is infamous for being loud, violent, and full of drunkards." she laughed at his reddening face. "Fair enough, what was that all about anyway" Fishlegs responded. "That dirty snatcher tried to steal my new mug while I wasn't looking but as you can see he wasn't fast enough" As if almost confirming that Lorf rolled on his side he began groaning and holding his head. Ruffnut went back to scowling "next time you try to pull a fast trick like that you won't be getting back up" delivering a swift kick to his back. Fishlegs watched as always with intrigue while watching Ruffnut work. It was like watching a cat hunt and kill its prey while playing with it the whole time. She then smiled back at Fishlegs "come on legs let's get out of here" Fishlegs was stuck with walking around with a certified crazy girl or try to go back to reading. Knowing that the reading, would probably bring more irritation. He decided to see how the night would go. After grabbing his book and downing his ale in a gulp he rushed to catch up to Ruffnut noticing that she didn't have her mug "hey you just beat someone into unconsciousness for trying to steal your mug and now you're just leaving it" she looked over at him with a smirk "oh that wasn't my mug I stole it from Tuffnut but I'll be damned if anyone tries to steal from me" Fishlegs only shook his head while she laughed a low deep gravely laugh. As they exited the mead hall they slowly wandered out into the village.

End
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